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THE REAL

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GHSTBUSTERS™



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Once upon a time ... there were four Ghostbusters who got themselves into a whole heap of trouble when fairy stories started coming to life! The bad craziness begins in **Working Overtime** when Peter and Egon find that trouble wears size forty boots! Fee fie foe fum! I smell the blood of a Ghostbuster! Then the problems get a whole lot worse in this week's **Winston's Diary** - oh, Grandma, what big teeth you have! Finally, get ready for ghoulishness as we reach part six of our adaptation of **Ghostbusters II - the Movie!** The Real Ghostbusters ... and they all lived happily ever after?

CONTENTS

Working Overtime!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Winston's Diary!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Vincent Van Splash	13
Dead True!	14
Ghostbusters III - Part six	15
Ghost Writing!	21
Blimey! It's Slimer! / Slime Time!	23
Next Issue/ Mighty Marvel Checklist	24

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WOMEN OF THE FUTURE

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESOLATE BEAN FIELD...

EGON, WE'RE IN A BEAN FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF IOWA, AND IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT! CAN WE GO HOME PLEASE?

NOT UNTIL WE'VE THOROUGHLY CHECKED OUT THESE REPORTS OF AN OGRE OR GIANT HAUNTING THE AREA, PETER!



OGRES AND GIANTS WENT OUT WITH FAIRY GODMOTHERS AND THE FROG PRINCE!

REALLY? DID THEY HAVE A NICE TIME?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. NO-ONE BELIEVES IN THEM ANY MORE!



YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

THAT'S NORMAL... OGRES ARE DIFFERENT! I MEAN, IF THEY EXIST, WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US - THE SEVEN DWARVES?



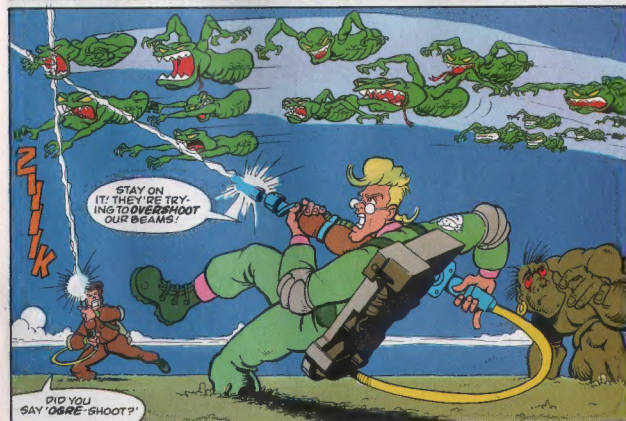
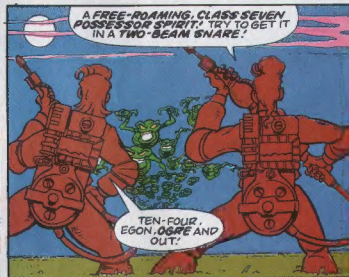
FEE FUM FEN! I SMELL THE SCENT OF TWO GENTLE-MEN!

**WORKING
OGRETIME!**



HI HO, HI HO, IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO...







WE'VE LOST THEM
IN THE BEANS!

PLUFF!

YIKES! A GIANT
BEANSTALK!!



STAY
BACK- THE
LAST THING
WE NEED IS
FOR YOU TO
TURN EVIL
ON US!

AWW. NO. NOT
THIS OLD
ONE...



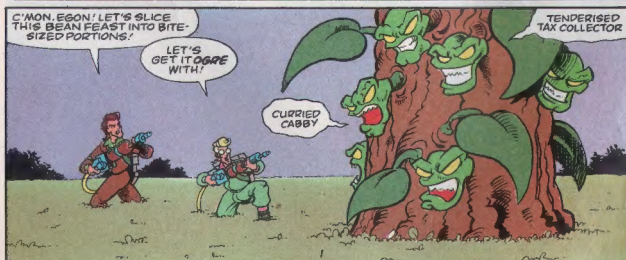
DOC AU
VIN

MILKMAN
MASH

WHOOOSH

SHOPEETER
PITTA

THIS IS
JUST GOING
OGRE THE
TOP!

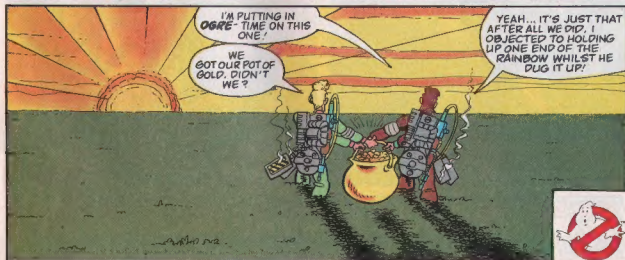
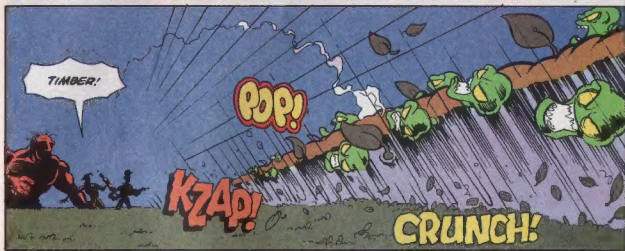


C'MON, EGON! LET'S SLICE
THIS BEAN FEAST INTO BITE-
SIZED PORTIONS!

LET'S
GET IT OGRE
WITH!

CURRIED
CABBY

TENDERISED
TAX COLLECTOR



THE WAR CONTINUES...



EVERY WEEK IN...



TRANSFORMERS™

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Fairy tales

The stories and songs that surround us in early childhood such as those of Jack and the Beanstalk and Little Red Riding Hood, often have very sinister beginnings in the realms of the Supernatural. With the aid of some notable stories, chosen from the infamous Trumm's *Grimoire* (a book of quite ghoulish Nursery Stories written by the Danish Looney Christian Trumm) I hope to demonstrate my point.

Little Jackie Bellknap

The story of Little Jackie Bellknap is familiar to generations of children, but it is a little known fact that the roly-poly plum-duff that Little Jackie takes to market to sell in order to raise money to pay off his granny's credit-card debt is actually a mistranslation for the old Nordic words meaning 'Bog Demon'. Thus we can see how a quite innocent sounding story can have a basis in the ghastly and demonic, and also goes some way to explaining why later on in the story, no one will buy the 'pudding' because it has great big sharp pointy teeth, baleful eyes and smells of methane.



PART 83

Bobby Carstow

The rhyme is familiar to us all:

"Bobby Carstow went to sea,
And berthed at Copenhagen,
He tried to find a bed to let,
But all the rooms were taken!"

This is of course all wrong. The real closing couplet of this charming little rhyme, according to Briony and Dieter Lindisfarne in their book *The Lore and Scansion of Trumm's Grimoire*, should read:
"A flying saucer floated down,
And shot him with a ray gun."

A considerable change in meaning, I think you'll agree.

Lucy Deakins

The fairy tale rhyme 'Lucy Deakins' also comes under the critical eye of the Lindisfarne's, in their other famous book *I Will Undoubtedly Go Mad If I Read Any More Of This Garbage*. They claim the first verse ought to run:

"Lucy Deakins came to town,
Riding on a Cheetah,
They were gobbled up at once
By a large Class-six repeater."

This, I feel, changes the context somewhat, and doesn't really allow for the next ninety seven verses dealing with Lucy's mammoth shopping trip in which she buys ninety-five mammoths and two tins of Kittichunks for the cheetah.

Sloping Beauty

Perhaps the most bizarre and mysterious of all fairy tales, no one has satisfactorily explained either 1) why the Queen keeps putting frozen veg under every mattress in the Castle, or 2) where the Princess keeps sloping off to.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT ☉ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Monday, 15th January 1990

Okay, so some Mondays I'm slow on the uptake. I admit I should have noticed something was wrong the moment I woke up, climbed out of my four-poster bed and gazed out of the castle window at the little timber-beamed town over the moat. I *should* have noticed then. I admit it. It was a bad oversight on my part. I just stood there yawning and rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. Then I went down to breakfast.

That's what really gave the game away. I opened the New York Times as I sat down and read the headline: 'ONCE UPON A TIME'. That was unusual as New York headlines went. The article went on "Mayor promises streetlighting for way home through woods – official! The lighting is to be phased in by Once Upton A Time, following pressure from the Woodcutters' 'Keep The Woods A Safer Place' Committee, with their advertising campaign 'All The Better To See You With'. A Wicked Wolf spokesman issued the following statement – "It's obviously going to set back our plans to eat all the little girls in the State by 1991, but I'm confident we'll huff and we'll puff and we'll blow the lighting down." Foreign News – the King of Spain's daughter came to visit. . ."

I looked up slowly and met the eyes of Peter, Ray and Egon, who had all been pretty slow on the uptake too, and were all arriving at the same sort of conclusions.

After a long and wondering moment, Ray spoke. He said "HQ does not look much like I remember it. Since when did we have suits of armour, hanging drapes and burning torches in wall brackets?"

"About as long as we've sat in thrones to eat our breakfasts," I put in, pulling one of the huge pile of satin cushions out from under me and flinging it to the flagstones.

Peter looked thoughtful as he eyed the rest of us. "Why are we wearing doublets and tights and short capes and pointy-shoes with bells on our toes?"

"And rings on our fingers," added Ray

for good measure. We all looked at Egon who looked back more seriously than professor of seriousness who's just been made Dean of the Serious Faculty. "Nobody panic," he said.



After about twenty-five minutes of solid, professional panicking, we finally sat down again – more, I think, to take off our pointy shoes (which were jingling annoyingly every time we panicked with any animation) than because we'd calmed down any. "We have to think this through," exclaimed Egon, fumbling with his shoe laces. "We appear to have been transplanted into a quasi-romantic mediaeval fantasy world."

"No kidding," cut in Peter. "This is all like some crummy fairy tale!" "Fairy tale. . ." mused Ray. "You may have something there, Peter. Egon – d'you recall the Bamperdock incident?"

"Bamperdock, Illinois, June twelfth 1951?" replied Egon. "Why, yes I do. The whole town regressed to a semi-fantasy state following the misuse of a copy of Trumm's Grimoire which accidentally turned up in the local lending library. This could be the same sort of thing – on a massive scale! We have to find the extent of the fantasy distortion field."

So out we went, into the streets of what had been New York. The three little pigs we met just outside Castle HQ

were very helpful and said as far as they knew the city went on like this for a long way. The knight in shining armour who was shinning his way up a nearby building by means of a long lock of golden hair, agreed with the piggies' story and said he'd ridden for six days and nights to get here and had to cut through a wall of thorns into the bargain. Egon reckoned that the knight was probably exaggerating. The man who was out taking his dog for a walk told us that he lived next door to the candy cottage three streets away and things were the same there as they were here. He said his next-door neighbour, a princess, was a lovely girl, but she would go to sleep under a blanket of leaves, and she didn't half lie in each morning. In fact she hadn't been up all week, ever since she did that spinning on Tuesday night. He probably would have gone on at length if we'd given him the chance, but we thanked him and hurried on saying we were very busy. Besides, his dog had eyes as big as cart wheels and was making us nervous.

And so it went on. The little girl in the red raincoat said she'd love to help us but her granny told her not to talk to strangers. A little old man ran away from us screaming 'You're just after my straw! Just after my straw!' and some rather dense kid mistook our questions and thought we wanted to buy his cow.

Finally, we got to the City Library, which now looked like a fairy tale castle, complete with pointy towers, fluttering pennants and a drawbridge. A queue of knights and squires, lances held gleaming in the sunlight, were waiting outside with piles of library books to take back. We pushed our way to the front and went inside.

"Thank goodness you're here!" exclaimed Princess Janine, her wimple fluttering as she hitched up her flowing robes and sprinted towards us. "I found this in the 'New Books' section and I thought Egon would probably like it. I was just getting it stamped when this happened!" Janine held out a big old

tome for our inspection.

"Trumm's Grimoire... just as we



thought," said Egon. "Now all we have to do is pronounce the dedication backwards and -"

"What do you think you're doing with that book?!" bellowed a massive giantess, stomping towards us, waving a huge cudgel. "Fee Fie Foe Fed - put the book down or I'll crack your head!"

But had performed a bizarre and meaningful skipping dance, they'd both wiggled their left little fingers at each other and finally shouted "Rum Te Tum Trumm Trumm!" and the spell was cancelled.

The librarian put down her ruler with a rather surprised yelp and nearly fainted. "I'm so sorry, I don't know what came over me."

"Shhhhhh!" said the people who had been knights and squires a moment before.

"That's that," said Peter. "Now can we get back to HQ. My feet are cold without shoes on."

So back we went again and lived happily ever after...



VINCENT VAN SPLOSH

The spectre of this temperamental painter was haunting the Long Island mansion of a rich art collector called Gatsby. The spook seemed to take great delight in splashing his name across Gatsby's valuable collection of paintings by Van Splosh's rival Henri Easel! The activities of this ghostly graffiti artist threatened to put a stop to a planned exhibition of Easel's art. All attempts to bust the

spectral scrawler failed, and it was left to Egon to discern that Van Splosh's ghost was driven by a desire to expose a forger: the paintings were in fact Van Splosh's own with Easel's signature scrawled over the top! Once the truth was known, the ghost happily disappeared in a flash of pure colour, and Gatsby was left with a far more valuable collection of paintings than he previously realised!



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



his chilling tale of misappropriated blame centres on a young artist named Shadwell who spent the summer some years ago as the paying guest of a small country clergyman. His stay was a pleasant one, as he got on well with the Clergyman's family and was producing fine paintings.

Then, one evening after dinner, Shadwell was sitting in his room, when he walked a little girl who bore a striking resemblance to the other members of the family, but who he had not seen before. He called out a greeting, but the little waif ignored him and, with a sombre expression on her face, walked across the room, touched a spot on the wall, then retraced her steps to the door and left.

Disconcerted by this, Shadwell mentioned it to his host the next day. The

clergyman turned pale with alarm and said "I'm afraid that was no human child you saw last night ... rather it was a ghost!" Then the clergyman added that he would appreciate it if Shadwell mentioned nothing of the incident to his wife.

Intrigued, Shadwell pressed the clergyman to know more and the clergyman explained it as follows: some years before, whilst some plastering work was being done in the house, the minister's wife had received a visit from the grocer, who had come to settle a bill. The wife had sent the eldest daughter upstairs to fetch a half-crown that she had left on the dressing table. After a long interval, the girl returned and said that there was no coin to be found. Despite the child's protestations of innocence, the wife became very annoyed, and was convinced the

girl had either taken the money or was trying to play a trick. Finally, the minister's wife sent the girl to her room as punishment.

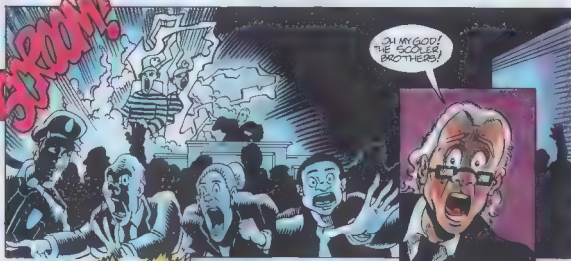
Racked by injustice and unhappiness, the poor child had gone into an uncontrollable fit, followed by convulsions, and by daybreak she had passed away. Understandably, the mother was dashed into remorse and to that day had blamed herself for her daughter's death.

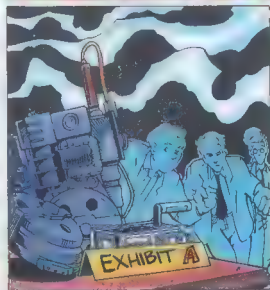
On hearing this tale of woe and sadness, Shadwell hurried to examine the spot on the wall that the ghost had touched. Breaking back the plaster, he found a half-crown beneath the surface. No one could explain its presence, but the sad phantom was never seen again, as her name had been cleared of guilt at last.

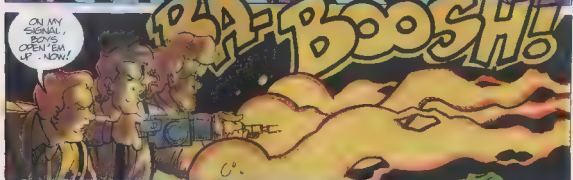


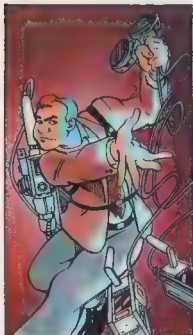
GH**0**STBUSTERS II

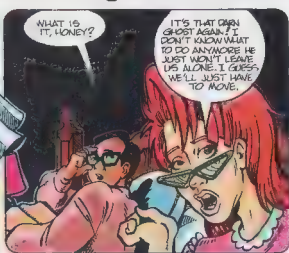
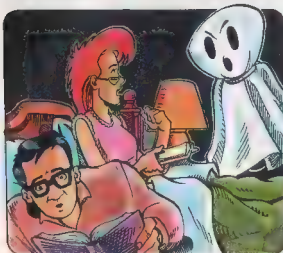
PART SIX!











MORE FUN NEXT WEEK!

MARVEL

GH**OST**BUSTERS II

FILM SPECIAL



► The Story



► The Stars



► The Effects

► The Locations

Everything
you wanted
to know but
were AFRAID
to ask!



OUT NOW!

SPECIAL

Beauty and the Beast

Graphic Novel

Beauty and the Beast



Portrait of Love

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WENDY PINI

BASED ON THE TV SERIES CREATED BY
RON KOSLOW

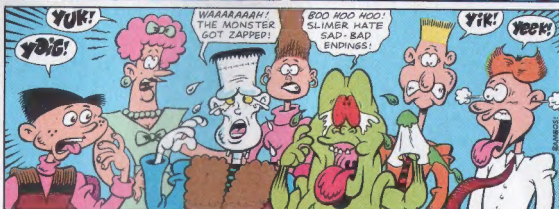
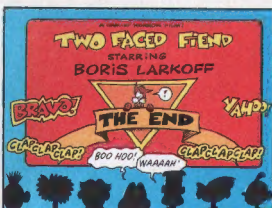
MARVEL



Together in a world
forever trying to keep
them apart, two very
special people fight to
keep their love alive

An original story
written and illustrated
by **Wendy Pini**
cover painting by
Olivia de Berardinis

A tale of
fobidden passion
from **Marvel**



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What position in a football team do ghosts play?
Ghoulkeeper!

What sort of songs do ghosts like?
Haunting melodies!
— James Stephens, Hillingdon

What did the fire-breathing dragon do at the wedding?
It toasted the bride and groom!
— Heidi Sawley, Keighley

Why did the skeleton climb up the tree so fast?
Because a dog was after his bones!
— Ronald Brown, Musselburgh

What do vampires cross the sea in?
Blood vessels!

Where do ghosts go to do their shopping?
Spooker-markets!
— Nicholas Johnson, Harrogate

